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## THE HUMAN PERIOD IN GEOLOGY.

ALTHOUGH we are apt to lose sight of the importance of our own species in the immensely wider study of the universe, as well as to undervalue the influence of man in comparison with those silent but mighty forces by whose agency our earth has been sculptured into its present form; yet all must agree with the Italian geologist Stoppani that man makes a distinct geological period, and that his creation is the introduction of a new force, previously unknown in nature. The power of intelligence in overcoming the influence of external circumstances is exemplified in the history of every nation; so that some historians have thought it necessary to preface the history of a people with a description of the geological features of the country in which it has sprung up. But when Cuvier said that the habits and even the thoughts of a people depend upon the nature of the soil which it inhabits, he scarcely made enough allowance for the power of mind to combat the external forces of matter, nor for that capability, which man alone of the higher animals possesses, of adaptation to the most diverse circumstances.

To one reading the recently published views, that 'from the Laurentian epoch down to the present day, all the physical events in the history of the earth have varied neither in kind nor in intensity from those of which we now have experience,' the question naturally suggests itself whether there is not some difference in the working of natural forces in an epoch which differs from all past periods in the world's history, by the presence of a new force, that of human intellect, capable of controlling Nature. On this account, it has seemed useful to consider briefly the geological importance of man, the influence, in this wide sense, of mind upon matter, and the efficiency of this new agent in modifying all existing forces of Nature.

It appears evident that the greater part of the earth's surface would, if left to itself, be covered with vegetation. Even the hardest and most barren rock, if left undisturbed, soon becomes

thickly covered with vegetable growth, which, by its yearly decay, contributes to increase the thickness of the soil. The agricultural history of every country, however, shows that, as civilisation advances, increasing areas of land are cleared for cultivation, or turned up by the plough, and exposed to the unimpeded action of atmospheric agencies. Between 1860 and 1870, it is estimated that sixteen million acres were cleared in America alone. The extent to which denudation has been increased by clearing land has been proved by direct experiment. A slope of forty-five degrees was divided into three belts, one luxuriantly wooded, one completely cleared, and one partially cleared. In the first or highest, the rain formed no ravines; in the second, three ravines; and in the third, four ravines, extending down to the belt of wood, where they narrowed and disappeared. It has long been noticed also that forest rivers seldom form large sedimentary deposits at their estuaries. This is well shown in the case of the two rivers Sestagone and Lima, which drain two great valleys of the Tuscan Apennines. The banks of the Sestagone are clothed with firs and beeches; but the Lima flows through cultivated fields. At the junction of the two rivers in rainy weather, the Lima is turbid and muddy; while the Sestagone remains limpid and drinkable.

According to Lombardini, the Po now transports three times as much sediment as formerly, the increase being chiefly due to the destruction of the forests, and the consequent increased denudation of the Alps. French engineers estimate that the delta of the Rhone has advanced at a rate far greater than it did previous to the cultivation of its valley. In the Eastern United States, wherever a mountain slope has been stripped, incipient ravines quickly form, and enlarge with such rapidity as to excite the attention of geologists. This is especially the case with the sandy soils of Maryland, Georgia, and Alabama, previously covered with pine forests. The Black Earth of Russia, one of the chief sources of the agricultural wealth of the empire, is quickly cut

up into huge ravines, and the finest soil in Europe is being rapidly carried away to increase the deltas of the Volga and the Don, and to silt up the Sea of Azov. During the great floods of 1866 and 1868 in France and Switzerland, the wooded soils alone escaped being washed away. The immunity of the provinces of Brescia and Bergamo from damage by the great floods of 1872, was chiefly due to forestal improvements. During ten years, the department of the Lower Alps lost sixty-one thousand acres of cultivated soil from the effects of torrents; and the clearing of the forests of the Ardèche has resulted in the covering up of seventy thousand acres of good land with barren sand and gravel.

It is thought by many that vegetation elevates the surface as much as water depresses it. This, however, can only be the case when natural vegetation is suffered to decay on the ground in which it grew. In the case of cultivated crops, which only partly return to the soil, this elevation of the surface cannot take place; and its compensating effect being lost, denudation is relatively greater from this cause alone.

Hence, it appears that one result of man's influence, by laying bare large tracts of land for cultivation, has been greatly to increase the erosion of the surface. In some instances, however, the action of man has been to check the natural transport of sediment. This especially has been done in the case of shifting sand-dunes and encroachments of the sea. Along that part of the French coast which extends from the Gironde to the Adour, the sea throws up annually one million two hundred and forty-five thousand cubic metres of sand, which the wind heaps up into hills, and carries inland, overwhelming villages, and converting streams into marshy pools. The annual progress of these sand-hills was so great that in many parts of Bretagne, the tops of chimneys, above a sea of sand, alone marked the site of buried villages. The amount of dune-land in Western Europe alone has been estimated to cover over a million acres; and still larger deposits exist in parts of Africa, Asia, and America. The destruction caused by these shifting sands has, from an early date, attracted the attention of governments; and the result has been to check their ravages by *careful planting*. Thus has man's ingenuity been successfully opposed to the action of the agencies which have caused those endless wastes of drifting sands in Poland, Peru, and the United States; and to the devastation which has resulted in the formation of the landes of Gascony, Sologne, and Brenne, and the Campine sands of Belgium.

Not only does the artificial protection of dunes prevent the overwhelming of inland tracts by deposits of sand, but it checks also the ravages of the sea itself. It is needless to dwell upon the numberless instances in which large areas of land are by this means saved from inundation and destruction, especially on the coasts of Denmark, France, and the Netherlands.

But besides these immense modifications in the results of denudation and transport of sediment by both wind and water, the result of hurrying the water from the surface of the land by agricultural draining, and its far more rapid transmission than formerly into the sea, must be to diminish per-

colation into the interior of the earth. Seeing the important part which water plays in the metamorphism of rocks, any diminution in the amount of water permeating rocks must diminish the amount of mineralogical change, and retard considerably the progress of metamorphism; so that it is possible that the operations of man upon the surface of the earth may affect the working of those chemical changes in the interior of the earth's crust, which would appear to be far removed from the influence of human action.

The agricultural history of the civilised world is full of instances in which great changes of climate have resulted from clearing and draining the land. Independently of the mechanical action of forests in resisting cold winds, and of their effect upon the humidity of the air, it cannot be supposed that so large an amount of wood can have been felled without affecting considerably the electrical and chemical condition of the atmosphere. Whether the progressive diminution of rainfall in England, shown by Glaisher's tables for the past fifty years, and the secular desiccation apparently going on in other countries, are due to agricultural operations, cannot be distinctly proved in the absence of sufficient rain measurements. These changes may be cosmical, or they may be due, as some physicists maintain, to the diminution of water which results from its entering into new inorganic combinations. But the researches of Ebermeyer and others seem to show beyond doubt that the extensive clearing of forests has caused great changes in the distribution of rainfall, although the total amount may be unchanged. The result of timber-felling appears to decrease the rainfall over the land, and consequently to diminish the action of those forces which depend upon the action of water.

By irrigation alone, great local changes are made in the humidity of the atmosphere. Thus, Egypt contains not less than seven thousand square miles of artificially watered soil; Lombardy, Sardinia, and France have three thousand square miles; in India it is estimated that not less than six million acres of land are under irrigation; while in Western America, thousands of miles of canals have been constructed. We have only to estimate the total surface of evaporation from these artificially watered parts, to gain some idea of the increase of moisture in the atmosphere by this means. On the other hand, evaporation has been materially diminished in some parts by extensive draining of cultivated land, as well as by the reclamation of lakes and marshes.

That this tendency of man to disturb the balance of physical forces, is not counteracted in Nature by compensating conditions, seems proved by the magnitude of the results which have been produced within a comparatively short time, and which have an undoubted connection with man's dominion over the earth; but even if those results had been small, it must be remembered that the time of man's action has been of limited extent, and that, in geology, it is by small changes, continuing for long periods of time, that the most striking results are produced.

But it is in the organic world, in the geographical distribution of animal and vegetable life, that man's influence is chiefly felt. The facilities which commerce and human intercourse afford for the dispersion of vegetable species, is un-

equalled by any other provision of Nature. Both by chance and by design, new species are introduced by man, at a rate which can never have occurred before his introduction upon the earth. Thus, when St Helena was first discovered, its flora consisted of sixty species; but now it has seven hundred. In fact, it is becoming a continually more perplexing question in botanical geography, how far certain species may be regarded as indigenous or exotic. Nor can it be said how long certain species of wild plants will be able to survive the inroads of cultivation, which is fast usurping the surface of the earth. Latham tells us that the indigenous flowering-plants of North-west America have been nearly extirpated by the inroads of half-wild vegetables, which have come over in the train of English emigrants.

Thus, partly by human design, partly by accident, resulting from human actions, is the extirpation of certain vegetable species hastened. Whether some plants have been totally extirpated, as some botanists think, in historic times, or not, it is without question that immense changes have been effected in local distribution, as also in the extirpation of species from certain localities where they previously abounded.

In the animal world, man can scarcely be said to have caused such changes in *distribution* as has been the case with vegetable life, since domestic animals alone would be introduced into new localities intentionally; but he has played a far greater part in the *extirpation* of animal species. It must be borne in mind, however, as Sir C. Lyell remarks, that the disappearance of certain animals must not be ascribed to human action alone, although their extinction was no doubt hastened by his agency. In every country, man wages war with destructive animals, which hence rapidly decrease in number, until finally they become extinct. Not even in the ocean are animals free from man's interference; for the wholesale destruction of many of its larger denizens has allowed an increase in the number of the smaller organisms on which they live.

But perhaps in no instance has this interference of man with the harmony of Nature been more noticed than in the case of birds. Agricultural history is replete with the alarming evils which have resulted from an ill-advised destruction of birds. The slaughter of small birds in France led to such a plague of beetles, that nearly every root was consumed in the fields; and, without doubt, any cause, which might lead to a diminution of owls in Italy, would tend to increase the number of inundations of the Po, which are most frequently traced to burrows in the embankments by mice and moles, upon which owls feed.

So mutually dependent is the natural condition of animal and vegetable life, that interference is more effective here than in inorganic nature. Preyer beautifully exemplifies this mutual relation of animal and vegetable species, when he says: 'The finest clovers and the most beautiful pansies are found near villages where cats and owls abound; for these destroy mice; and mice destroy the humble-bee, which alone fertilises the clover and the pansy.' The slaughter of animals which are of commercial value to man, has reached such a pitch that no natural means of reproduction can withstand the loss; nor can we possibly know the extent of the revolution in the whole

organic world, which has been produced by this means.

When we see, then, that by the work of man the rate of denudation is increased, and sediment more rapidly transported to increase the deltas of rivers; when we find the ingenuity of man combating with the power of the wind and waves, and effectually checking the removal of sand and the erosion of the sea; when, by his action, great local changes are made in climate and in the flora and fauna of a district; we can no longer deny to man an important place amongst geological agencies. Although powerless to destroy the forces of Nature, he can influence them to a degree unknown before, and, under the impulse of caprice, effect such changes in a few years as it would otherwise have taken long geological periods to accomplish. Compared with the length of a geological epoch, the almost ephemeral duration of human power on the earth has been marked by changes so great as to show that the influence of mind, though the last to be felt, is by no means the least of those agencies which modify the condition of our earth.

In the organic world, in which man plays the most havoc, so delicately balanced do all the parts appear to be, that the smallest interference affecting a single species is transmitted throughout, and is felt in quarters far removed from any apparent relation to the disturbing cause. If it were possible to view all the changes which have been wrought in the routine of Nature, greater evidence of geological change could scarcely be found in any epoch than that which has characterised the human period. To conclude with the words of Mr A. R. Wallace: 'The true grandeur and dignity of man is that he can control and regulate Nature, and keep himself in harmony with her, not by a change in body, but by an advance in mind. Not only has man escaped natural selection himself, but he is able to take away some of the power from Nature which before his appearance she universally exercised. We can anticipate the time when the earth will produce only cultivated plants and domestic animals, and when the ocean will be the only domain in which that power can be exerted which, for countless ages, ruled supreme over the earth.'

## THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

### CHAPTER XLIV.—THE WESTONS.

BERTRAM OAKLEY, when he consented to be brought back to Portland Place, to the luncheon which, apparently, there was no escaping, found himself alone in the great empty drawing-room. Then there were the opening of a door, the rustle of silk, and the heiress it was who sailed in, Julia Carrington, not less beautiful, not less elaborate in her toilet, than on that other well-remembered day when she had tried all the spells that beauty and cleverness combined can muster for the enthrallment of men, to bring Bertram to her feet. Yet this time, the proud girl approached him with a shy, hesitating manner, that was wholly foreign to her usual bearing. 'Mr Oakley,' she said quickly, but in a voice that trembled, 'we ought to be friends, you and I. I will be, if you will. Here is my hand.' She held it out as she spoke, that white, soft hand, on the fingers of which

bright gems shone; and Bertram took it wonderingly. It pressed his frankly enough, and then dropped. 'I want us two to be friends,' pursued Julia—'real friends. Man and woman, people say, cannot be such. I hope it is not so. It would be a dreary look-out if your sex and mine could never be honest and true, and even care for each other, without having to choose between love or hate, or utter indifference. I, for one, wish to be your friend, and nothing more.'

She meant what she said. Bertram knew that the words he heard were sincerely spoken, that the haughty heiress had for the moment risen superior to the baser part of her nature, married, but not ruined, by precocious prosperity. He was touched. He said something—he scarcely knew what—in reply to what she had said to him. It sounded in his own ears trite and lame. We cannot all be eloquent upon the spur of the moment, and Bertram had been taken by surprise.

'You have behaved nobly,' said Julia hurriedly. 'You have been like some of the knights we read of—they were very few, alas!—without fear and without reproach. I wish I had had a brother like you, Mr Oakley; and I wish us to be friends. I did not say so,' she added with a blush, 'the last time we talked together.'

'That is past and gone,' answered Bertram gently. 'Your friendship and your good opinion, Miss Carrington, do me much honour, and I prize them, I assure you, very much indeed. I may venture, perhaps, to hope that you will be a friend, too, to Miss Rose Denham, the daughter of my earliest benefactor, and who has just consented to be my wife. Our engagement will be no secret, soon; but this is the first time that I have spoken.'

'I will,' responded Miss Carrington quickly, as the door opened, and in poured, like a tide, the well-meaning womankind (to quote the late lamented Jonathan Oldbuck) of the Weston family, all cordial welcome, genial smiles, and harmless platitudes. Mrs Weston was very glad. Margaret Weston was very glad. Matilda Weston was very glad. There was a sameness in their congratulations; but they were genuine and womanly and from the heart, and Bertram could not receive them unmoved. They would pet him, and prattle to him, and make a hero of him, as their kindly natures prompted, because of the foul wrong that had been done him, and because he had come spotless out of the cruel trap that had been baited for his undoing. Bertram, as he listened to their sympathy, or deprecated their encomiums, half-wondered how it fell to his lot to be so praised and so singled out for commendation and liking, as he was. But he was thankful for the friends he had found, and for the regard he had won, without considering that he bore about in his own loyal heart and bright spirit the talisman that wins love and respect from all but the vilest or the dullest. And then in came Arthur Lynn and Mr Weston, and the conversation became general, and, luncheon being announced, Mr Mervyn's nephew gave his arm to the heiress.

Luncheon, on that day, was a much more elaborate meal in the Weston household than was usually the case. The master of the house, who was never, save on Sundays, at home at that hour, had consented to grace the entertainment, which,

by tacit agreement, was supposed to be given in honour of Bertram Oakley. Bertram himself bore his triumph very modestly; and the men of the party, by some masculine instinct, kept the conversation from taking too personal and emotional a turn. Arthur Lynn was very attentive to Miss Carrington. Mr Weston was unusually talkative, and even raised a laugh by attempting an imitation of old Isaac Bond, the marine storekeeper, when, with the effrontery of a veteran sinner, he had demanded compensation for a night in custody and an appearance in the police court.

'If there were no receivers, there would be no thieves, as the saying is,' remarked Mr Weston in conclusion; 'but I doubt, in this instance, whether the old man's perverted conscience enables him to distinguish between light and darkness, between evil and good. His business is to buy; and his customers are rarely, I am afraid, strictly honest, from the cook that brings dripping, to the area-sneak that brings spoons.'

'And Crawley—what is the wretch to do?' asked Mrs Weston, who would have liked, as women do like, to see poetic justice executed in some modified degree, and who thought that the traitor, if he escaped gruel, hair-cropping, oakum-picking, and the crank, ought at least, in the fitness of things, to sink to a broom and a street-crossing.

Mr Weston shook his head. 'I fear,' he said, 'that our interesting penitent of to-day, though I have not the smallest doubt of his ability to get his bread, will not earn it honestly. There are so many grooves, now, into which a sharp, plausible scoundrel can insert himself, that I suspect Henry Crawley will prefer the crooked path to the straight one.'

'It is a pity,' said Bertram. 'He spoke truly enough when he reminded us that he was a skilled accountant and a capital clerk. Perhaps, if he were to emigrate'—

'If he did,' interrupted Arthur Lynn, laughing, 'we might hear of him yet in half-a-dozen incongruous capacities: now as a Mormon missionary; now as the decoy-duck of a New York gambling-house; and presently, perhaps, as a road-agent in California or Colorado, as our American cousins style the Captain Macheaths of the New World.'

'He had hardly courage for that,' answered Mr Weston; and then the subject dropped, and every one present felt assured that Mr Crawley, at anyrate, had left but a memory of his misdeeds behind him.

### THE LONDON GUILDS.

In the hope of turning their researches to profitable account some day, the Educational Endowments Committee of the London School Board have laboured hard in gathering information respecting the annual revenues of the various City guilds from charitable trusts—revenues ranging from the modest four pounds four shillings and ninepence of the Gold and Silver Wire Drawers, to the Mercers' Company's thirty-seven thousand two hundred and eighty-nine pounds twelve shillings and fivepence.

According to the Committee's Report, the fifty-nine Companies concerned are bound annually to disburse the following amounts. In gifts of money, one hundred and five thousand seven

hundred and ninety-two pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for educational purposes, sixty-five thousand one hundred and thirty pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for medical aid, four thousand and eighty-nine pounds and sevenpence; for sermons and lectures, three thousand and eighty-three pounds four shillings and tenpence; for apprenticeships, two thousand nine hundred and eight pounds sixteen shillings and tenpence; for clothing, eighteen hundred and seventy pounds one shilling and tenpence; for church expenses and impropriations, seven hundred and forty-eight pounds two shillings and fivepence; for food, five hundred and twenty-four pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; for coals, three hundred and eleven pounds five shillings and tenpence; for repairing of highways, a hundred and twenty-nine pounds seven shillings; in loans free of interest, eighty-seven pounds ten shillings; for candles used at sermons and lectures, nine pounds; for poor-rates, six pounds; for Bibles, three pounds; for providing wool and flax to afford means of employment, three pounds; for marriage portions, two pounds six shillings and eightpence; and for divers objects, so mixed together as to render it impossible to trace the proportions, eleven hundred and thirty-one pounds seven shillings and tenpence. Making altogether a hundred and eighty-five thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine pounds seventeen shillings and elevenpence, or something over three pounds ten shillings for every man, woman, and child actually dwelling in that world-famous business mart 'the City.'

Not a few of these trusts are only charitable ones in so far as that they exemplify the charity that begins and ends at home. It was for strictly selfish ends that John Ashton, four hundred years ago, gave certain premises to the Fishmongers' Company conditionally upon the anniversary of his 'obit' being solemnly celebrated with note and ringing of bells in the church of St Sepulchre; and that John Heron, a century later, conveyed some messuages and tenements to the same Company, to pay annually five marks of lawful money of England, for the augmentation of the benefice of the Blessed Lady of Little Ilford, providing the holder of that benefice remembered to make particular mention of his benefactor in his praises to Almighty God. So too, Richard Mervayle bequeathed property, now worth nine hundred pounds a year, to the Vintners' Company, with injunctions to expend the annual proceeds upon prayers for his soul. Trusts of this sort, coming under the ban as bequests for superstitious uses, have been long since diverted to other purposes.

Another method favoured by your ancient citizen desirous of keeping his memory green, was to leave money to insure the delivery of an appropriate discourse on the anniversary of his death. Our forefathers had great faith in the power of preaching, and were given to providing for the preaching of sermons upon particular saints' days, and the anniversaries of particular events, such as the destruction of the Armada, the Martyrdom of Charles I., and the discovery of the Powder Plot. William Lamb left funds to pay for the preaching of four sermons every year in the church of St James-in-the-Wall, at the rate of six shillings and eightpence per sermon. John Wood set a higher value upon pulpit eloquence, leaving certain lands

in trust to the Bowyers' Company, with injunctions that the Master, Wardens, and Livery of that guild should, every other year, upon the day appointed for swearing in their Master and Wardens, attend at St Nicholas's, Cole Alley, and hear a sermon. The parson was to be paid thirty shillings; his clerk and sexton, one shilling and sixpence a piece; the beadle of the Company, two shillings; while fifteen shillings was to be distributed, in twopences, to such poor folks as the Bowyers might meet on their way to and from the church. To meet the spiritual needs of Bromyard, where he was born, another well-to-do citizen left sufficient to pay for a weekly lecture there, to be 'preached' in the parish church on market-day, by one or other of the holy divines in the neighbourhood, who was to be paid ten shillings for his pains.

John Kendrick was evidently an advocate of early rising, since he directed that the two thousand four hundred pounds he bequeathed to the Drapers' Company should be devoted to paying the curate of the parish of St Christopher twenty pounds a year, to read divine service daily in the parish church, at six o'clock in the morning; rewarding the clerk and sexton with fifty shillings a year for attending such service, besides paying the costs of lighting in the winter. Robert Hunt instructed the Brewers' Company to invest two hundred pounds as they thought best, and apply the interest to paying ten pounds annually to the Vicar of St Giles's, Cripplegate, so long as the said Vicar exercised the catechising of youth within that church, every Sabbath-day, from one until two o'clock in the afternoon, between Michaelmas and Midsummer.

Among the numerous trusts for educational purposes, may be specially noted that of Sir William Boremans, Clerk of the Green Cloth to Charles II., by which the Drapers' Company was bound to apply certain rentals for the benefit of a score of Greenwich-born boys, sons of seamen, watermen, or fishermen resident in East Greenwich—preference to be given to the children of such loyal men as had served the king in his wars—who were to be boarded, lodged, and instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, navigation, the Catechism, and the doctrines of the Christian religion, until they reached the age of sixteen; when they were to be apprenticed or 'otherwise provided for.'

When, in 1540, Nicholas Gibson and Lady Avrice, his wife, handed over a school they had built to the Coopers' Company, they covenanted that main-tenances—at ten pounds a year and rooms—should be provided for a Master learned in grammatical science, to instruct the elder boys in the same; and teach the younger ones spelling and such things as were proper for them, until old enough to be initiated into the higher mysteries of 'grammatical science.' The Master of this school—still in existence—receives just thirty times the amount prescribed by its founders.

Many testators charged their trusts with annual allowances to university students, five pounds being the common amount of the gifts. Probably that was about the sum the Merchant Taylors' Company originally had to apply towards the amendment of the 'victuals and batteling' of five poor studious scholars of St John's College, Oxford, inclined to bend their studies to divinity,

out of the rent derived from a house in Cannon Street, devised by Walter Fish; but if the modern recipients of this gift get their strict due, they should enjoy an allowance equal at least to that of an ordinary exhibitioner.

Trust-creators with a kindly feeling for beginners in their own line of business, bequeathed funds for advancement to young tradesmen, sometimes altogether free of interest, but usually requiring some return for the accommodation, either in cash or in kind. For the use of twenty-five pounds, for example, the borrower had annually to distribute one thousand good Kentish billets among the alms-people of his fraternity. Eight loads of charcoal were to be divided among the 'poor bedsmen of Whittington College' and the poor of certain parishes, by the four young mercers indebted to dead Humphry Baskerfield for the loan of fifty pounds apiece; while the two yet luckier ones, who shared Alice Blundell's two hundred pounds between them, were bound to find thirteen penny loaves every week for as many poor people of St Lawrence, Jewry. Under the will of William Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, who died in 1690, the Fishmongers' Company became possessed of a hundred pounds for lending out in sums of twenty-five pounds, at three per cent.; the interest to be devoted to the following purposes: Thirteen shillings and fourpence to be paid for the preaching of a sermon in Croydon Church on the anniversary of the founding of Whitgift's Hospital; three shillings and fourpence to the Vicar of Croydon for announcing the sermon the preceding Sunday; thirteen and fourpence to be spent on a dinner to the poor of the said Hospital, and ten shillings put into its common box; thirteen and fourpence to be divided among poor freemen of the Fishmongers' Company; and the remaining six shillings and eightpence to be retained by the Company itself for seeing these things performed.

An ardent enemy of outside competition was Thomas Scrimshaw, from whom the Pattern-makers' Company derived the interest of a thousand pounds in the Three per Cents, half of which was to go towards defraying the costs of bringing unlawful workers to book; and if not wanted for that purpose, to be spent upon a march and dinner upon Lord Mayor's Day. Under another bequest, the churchwardens of St Clement's, Eastcheap, are entitled to claim ten shillings every Thursday before Easter, to provide two turkeys for the parishioners, to be eaten at their annual 'reconciling feast.' We find another jovial citizen bequeathing three pounds per annum to the Goldsmiths' Company to pay for a dinner; another leaving one pound six shillings and eightpence to pay for a dinner for the governors of the Mercers' Company, and the like amount for cake and wine to follow; while a third expected the Cutlers to make merry upon three shillings and fourpence; and fifteen shillings was held sufficient to provide a Christmas feast for the churchwardens, vestrymen, and overseers of a fourth donor's parish.

Just three centuries ago, Lady Mildred Burghly directed the Haberdashers' Company to expend annually four pounds six shillings and eightpence upon twenty 'messes' for twenty poor householders or widows; each mess to consist of two-pennyworth of beef, one pennyworth of wheaten

bread, and one penny in money. Later on, John Banks left the Barbers' Company twenty shillings a year for ever, that upon the eleventh of May, twelve poor members of the Company might each receive twopence in money, a twopenny loaf, a wooden platter, and his proportion of six stone of beef. A dole of bread was a very common benefaction when the penny loaf was a good deal bigger than it is at the present day. Notable among such gifts was that of Barbara Burnell, who bequeathed three hundred pounds to the Clothworkers' Company wherewith to buy land, and from the income thereof give seven pounds a year to the parson and churchwardens of the parish of Stanmore, to distribute a shillingsworth of bread among the parish poor every Sunday, pay the clerk a couple of shillings for keeping her monument clean, and expend the residue in woollen cloth to make waistcoats and safeguards for six poor women. Another Burnell supplemented this gift with sufficient to provide the recipients of the bread with a due allowance of good Suffolk cheese.

Considerations of space forbid detailed mention of the many gifts of clothes, fagots, coal, and charcoal, included among the charitable trusts of the City Companies; but we must note how Thomas Jordeyn, who, in 1463, left sufficient to furnish sixteen poor freemen and freewomen of the craft of Fishmongers with a winter's fuel, desired that the Lord Mayor might take the oversight of the distribution, and directed three shillings and fourpence to be paid to the common clerk to remind His Lordship to do so.

Most of the trusts are saddled with payments to official personages for assisting at their execution; but this usually efficacious method of insuring the fulfilment of the trust conditions did not suffice Dame Elizabeth Moryo, who bequeathed all her property in the parish of St Olyffe to the Armourers' Company for certain objects, very precisely specified. Her trust deed set forth that the wardens of the Bridge House were to search once a year whether the conditions of the trust were kept; and upon finding the Armourers failing in their duty, to take over the estate themselves. In case they too neglected to carry out the worthy Dame's injunctions, her executors were to sell the property, and distribute the proceeds among poor maidens on their marriage; and should the executors fail, then the rightful heir of the legator should step in and claim the estate.

## MY TROUBLES IN RUSSIA.

### TROUBLE THE FOURTH.

It is four months since that broiling August afternoon when I sat on the deck of the little steamer which runs between Plescow and Dorpat, watching the spinster sitting stolidly in the blaze of the sun behind a wall of miscellaneous belongings. I remember observing how the sun beat on the exterior of that carpet-bag of hers, and wondering whether the sugar and the candle-ends were amalgamating. I tell my friends now, as a prime joke, what then I regarded as a decidedly practical one, how we ran aground at the mouth of the Embach, almost within sight of our destination; how uproarious the spinster became, and what a wait we had for the turn of the tide to carry

us over. But these are all things of the past, and I too am changed. I have grown, if not in grace, at least in experience. In my dealings with the Jew stall-keepers, I no longer give them what they ask for their wares, as I used to do in my innocent days, but have learned to haggle and bargain with tact and discretion, until I verily believe I procure my requirements at almost their legitimate value, though it is tough work.

Meanwhile, the scene too is changed. In place of dusty lime-trees, with drooping, listless leaves, and dazzling sunlight beating on the scorching white pavement, is the still more dazzling snow. The sun still shines, but with a cold, chilly splendour—brightness without warmth. The trees are draped in a new foliage, which glitters and flashes like myriads of diamonds. It is a rare day! It is twenty degrees (Reaumur) in the shade, and the air quivers and sparkles with countless crystals. They seem to remain stationary in mid-air, twinkling like tiny stars, and yet my muff is covered with them. There is not one exactly like another, so manifold is their beauty. I hurry along with shortcoming breath, for this kind of weather gives labour to the lungs, and on my arm I carry a small packet carefully sewn up in brown holland. My destination is the post-office.

*Homo*, like the monkey, is an imitative animal; and I am like the rest of my species. Everybody has been making Christmas presents for relations and friends at the approach of this festive time; why should not I do likewise? Why should not I surprise my loved ones at home with some little gifts made with my own hands? Delighted with the idea, I have carried it into execution, and am now on my way to the post-office, with my thoughts away over the sea, in a gray, dingy, manufacturing town, where the sun is not shining clear and bright, as here, but struggling tearfully through smoke and fog; and yet, smoky, dirty, northern town, to be with thee even in thought, is to be happy! The post-office is in the centre of the town; and I am soon climbing the high stone steps, and push open the swing-door leading into the Parcels Expedition Department. As I enter, a wave of heated air, laden with tobacco, leather, and the perspiration of many races, closes round about me, and almost stifles me. The office is crammed with people waiting their turn. There the Russian, the German, the Jew, the Lett, the Esthonian, are represented. They are packed like bees in a hive; and the stove, which covers half the side of one wall from floor to ceiling, is heated to splitting, as it always is. A dead silence prevails, except for the curt questions of the official, and the replies of the fortunate individual who is being attended to. I take my stand ruefully at the outside of the crowd, and relieve myself of as many wraps as I can. Meanwhile, the swing-door behind me is in constant motion until I am hemmed in on all sides by fellow-sufferers of both sexes. I can see nothing but the backs of those in front of me, and the staring white face of a clock which looks down on me from a corner. It affords me grim satisfaction to watch her spider fingers crawl from minute to minute with laggard pace, and feel that I am slowly nearing the goal; and oh, what comfort when the mass is parted, and one more makes for the door, and we surge

on one step nearer! But the heat is insupportable, coming from the sharp thin air into this thick, scorching atmosphere; and long before I have reached the counter, I feel as if I must give it up, and return whence I came with my business unaccomplished. My head is swimming, my senses dazed, and my feet aching with the prolonged stand. At length, when I can count those before me, I take courage, buoyed up with the hope of approaching release. Now the broad shoulders of the Lett who has been forming the last barrier between me and that mighty dispenser of favours, the post-office official, have sidled away, and I stand face to face with the official. I look up into his square-jawed, stolid face, with its bushy eyebrows, as I hand him my packet without a word. He receives it silently at first, and looks at it until gleams of malice shoot over his fleshy face.

'What is this?' he asks.

'It is for England,' I reply. 'I have put it on the address.'

He stuffs it roughly back into my hand. 'We do not accept such parcels,' he says. 'You must sew it in oilcloth.'

'But it is quite safe,' I remonstrate.

He cuts me short with a wave of his hand. 'It does not matter—such is the rule. Take it away, and sew it in oilcloth.'

I still hesitate. All this waiting and suffering in vain—all to go over again. It is too bad.

He glares down upon me: 'Now then, make room, will you?'

I quail, and move away, and my place is filled by another. I look up at the clock, which seems to mock me as she points to twelve. I have been two long weary hours in this place, and all for nothing! As I hurry homewards, I inwardly resolve that no power on earth shall induce me to sew my packet in oilcloth and return to meet that official's leer on the morrow. No; I would rather throw the thing into the Embach—though I should have to make a hole in the ice to do it. But calmer thoughts come with the morrow, and I am now retracing my steps to the post-office with a broken resolve in my heart, and a small packet neatly stitched in oilcloth in my hand. But I am not the woman I was yesterday. My step is less elastic and swift; and as I mount the stone steps and enter upon the scene of yesterday's humiliation, my spirits are chill and gloomy. I have a longer wait to-day than yesterday, for it is one day nearer Christmas, and as the great feast-day approaches, the crowd at the post-office intensifies.

It is a long lane that has no turning; and behold me once more handing my packet over the counter with averted eyes, which fear to look defiance. The big unclean hand closes upon it, and it is turned and twisted on all sides. 'Ah, there is no flaw this time!' I exultantly think. At length he holds out that other fleshy hand, and I look up, startled and inquiring.

'Your sealing-wax and seal!' he demands, whilst the gleams of malignity spread and deepen from the crow's-feet in the corner of his eyes.

'What?' I ask confusedly.

'Your seal—your seal!'—this time with brutal impatience.

'I—I have none,' is my trembling rejoinder.

The parcel is thrust back into my hands. 'It is

no use coming here and troubling us with a packet like that; you ought to inform yourself of the regulations before you come here taking up people's time.'

'What is the matter? I have sewn it in oil-cloth, and done everything!' I reply desperately.

He turns from me insolently, and signs to the next comer to take my place.

This is more than human flesh and blood can bear in silence. I cast on my torturer a look which ought to have shrivelled him up like a leaf in the fire. 'What do you mean?' I say, choking with anger. 'Are you going to send this packet away or not?'

He has pulled a ledger towards him, and is writing something in it, or pretending to do so. But I know he is listening, for the hateful gleams spread thicker over his face. Presently he holds out his hand for the next packet. I turn round towards the sea of heated faces behind me, and inquire of the person nearest me: 'Is it possible that what that man says is true, and that after waiting here hours, for two days, I must again return home with my packet? It is a shame—a shame!'

It happens to be a gentleman whom I am addressing. I recognise him to be one of the German Professors at the University. As I finish, he pushes his way to the counter. 'Look you,' he says in a firm voice, 'I would advise you to send off this lady's parcel.' He takes it from my hand as he speaks. 'You know as well as I do that you can seal it with the government seal, if you choose.'

There is no reply. The man is doggedly examining the packet which he holds. The Professor waits a minute, his eyes fixed upon him. 'Good!' he says at length. Then turning to me, my champion continues in a clear voice, which may be heard all around: 'I regret, young lady, that I cannot compel this man to send off your packet; but I hope I shall be able to punish him; it will not be my fault if I don't.' He returns me my unfortunate packet; and as I take it, I cannot help stealing a sidelong glance at my foe. His face is crimson. I thank my champion, and am going, this time with a resolve which shall not be broken; when, to my surprise, the huge hand is held out once more. I can scarcely believe my eyes.

'Give it here!' he growls without raising his eyes.

I hand it back silently, and exchange glances with the Professor, who is smiling behind his hand. It is all the work of a minute: the government seal is stamped on the ends of the string with which my packet is tied; I pay an exorbitant sum for its transport to England, and my trouble is at an end—but not my story. Five years later, when I am back in that smoky English town where I love to be, I learn that my packet, for which I had so dearly paid, both in body and in hard cash, had arrived long after it was due, and that my roubles had found their way to the insatiable pockets of the Russian post-office official. The packet arrived at its destination—unpaid!

#### TROUBLE THE FIFTH.

Like Silas Wegg, I feel this morning as if I must e'en drop into poetry, in order to convey to the sober, English minds of my readers a faint idea of

the great wonder of this Russian Spring after the long protracted sway of Winter. I have watched him creep scowling away to the hills, dragging after him his trailing skirts of rattling ice. And now Spring is splitting her sides with mirth. She has it all her own way now. I see her sit on the margin of the stirring woods, weaving the sunbeams into her streaming tresses. She gaily tosses in the sun the vernal tassels of her robe, whilst, like that wondrous maiden in the fairy tale, she scatters jewels over the ground at every lisp of her gracious lips. And the lark, her *minnesinger*, is as mad as she. He showers his rapturous notes so full and fast that he is choking himself in his ecstasy. As I try to catch a glimpse of him up there in the dazzling void, I think of that emulous thrush who sang so long and so tenderly that he burst his little ambitious heart and fell dead. Take care of yourself, sweet heavenward messenger.

And I am off for a holiday! At this moment, I am toiling up a steep hill in the rear of the diligence which runs between Dorpat and Riga. I am bound for a 'station' midway between the two towns, where a carriage is to meet me, and convey me to my destination, a pretty, country estate in the interior of Livonia. I am in the humour to enjoy everything; even the clouds of dust in which we are enveloped are capital fun. A very little provocation would make me cut a caper in the faces of the solemn German baker who is trudging by my side, and the two Russian priests at our backs. They keep at a lofty distance from us, handling their long loose robes as women do their petticoats. They have their perfumed locks plaited, to preserve them from the dust. We have eight hours of it together; and seated cooped up in a stuffy diligence is not very amusing on a spring day. I make the best of it. I am delighted each time that we come to a hill, and there is an excuse to get out and walk. Oh, what I would give to sit on the box beside the driver; but decorum forbids! At mid-day, the sun beats fiercely—'it stings,' as the Germans say; and all through the afternoon, I have enough to do fanning myself with my straw hat, which I have taken off for the purpose, and wiping the dust and moisture from my heated face.

When we reach the place where my fellow-travellers and I part company, it is six o'clock, and the sun is sloping to the west. I spring to the ground like an india-rubber ball, and look round, like a second Cinderella, for my carriage. It must be in the rear of the building, for it certainly is not visible. The station-master appears on the scene.

'Is there a carriage come from Waimel?' I ask eagerly.

I am answered in the negative. This is the first damper to my spirits. But I instantaneously rise above it. Of course not! How could I expect it to be waiting? What a goose I am! I might have remembered what a long way it had to come. I may have to wait half an hour, or even an hour. But what does it matter? Meanwhile, my luggage has been placed on the veranda; fresh horses have been put to the diligence, and I watch it drive away, leaving me behind. The station-master is gone to his own part of the building, quite away from the waiting-room, and I am alone.

What a dead stillness lies about the place! I wander a few steps from the door; but it is an unlovable spot. Nothing but sand, and a dreary, treeless tract of common, with here and there a tumble-down, smoke-stained cabin. They, too, look still and lifeless. Not a human being, nor as much as a dog, to be seen; nor is there the faintest curl of smoke rising from the roofs, to break the motionless dreary calm. The mist is beginning to rise in the hollows; I can feel its chill breath parting the warm dry air which envelops me where I stand. I shiver, and retrace my steps to the office.

The waiting-room is like all such waiting-rooms here—a square, unsightly den, with bare, white-washed walls; bare, beer-stained, deal table; bare floor; bare, staring windows, two in number; two deal chairs and a settle. I look ruefully round as I enter. What shall I do with myself? How beguile the time till the carriage comes? I recollect that I have a few books in my box. I fish up the first I lay my hands upon, which proves to be a volume of Schiller; it will answer my purpose as well as another; so I draw a chair to the window, sit resolutely down, and open its pages at *The Robbers*.

I am just beginning to read, when the blaze of light on my book makes me look up. The sun is just dropping behind the distant fringe of firs; there is little of him left, save a tress or two of his yellow hair rippling along the horizon; but the rays of his departing glory shoot upwards, and bathe the earth, the heavens, and the solitary station-house in a flood of golden light. Even the cheerless room in which I sit is for a moment metamorphosed. He takes me, too, into his good-night embrace. Now he is gone, and the gray shades of evening creep slowly on.

Surely the carriage cannot be long now? My heart aches with the sense of loneliness. If a bird would sing, or even a dog bark, it would be relief. What is that? A stir in the vorhaus or entrance room. It is not a human footfall; it is a dragging, shuffling sound, unlike anything I have ever heard before. I do not like it. I half rise to my feet with my eyes fixed on the half-open door, when the door is pushed open, and I fall back into my seat paralysed with terror. What I see is a man—but a man raving mad, with the foam clinging to his beard! He creeps slowly nearer, with arms outstretched; and his nails are long and sharp, like an eagle's talons. His hair, like the mane of a wild beast, is matted and lustreless; and he is clad in a coarse serge gown, held together at the waist by a piece of knotted rope. He drags himself nearer—nearer, and gurgling noises proceed from his throat as he approaches me. I feel his scorching breath upon my cheek, and cannot stir. He bends over me, and puts a claw upon my shoulder. The spell is broken. With a sudden bound—so sudden that he is taken unawares—I am away under his arm, and have gained the door. I slam it behind me. I fly with feet that scarcely touch the ground across the vestibule, through another door, into a passage, and find myself at length in a bedroom. Through the confusion of all my mental faculties, I am led by a vague idea of seeking the inhabited part of the building and the aid of fellow-men; but the room I have fled to is deserted. Yet it is a refuge, and I dare not leave it to seek a safer.

The door is between me and my terrible pursuer. For a wonder, it is furnished with a bolt. I draw it, and fall upon the available furniture, all panting and giddy, and pile it too against the door. Then my quivering, enervated body gives way, and I sink upon the floor.

I hear the shuffling feet in the passage, the heavy breathing, and the awful gurgle in the throat; I hear him rubbing his body against the door like a savage beast in the woods. Then the dragging footsteps retire. I lay my head down on the bare deal boards, and I suppose I must have fainted, for I know no more, until I seem to waken out of a sleep, confused and dismayed. It is pitch dark, and my hands and feet are numb with cold. I sit up, and recollection rushes upon me. I listen fearfully. All is still. I know I am safe, and that the coast is clear; but I dare not for my life issue forth to seek assistance. Meanwhile, my mind is tortured by surmises. Is the carriage waiting for me? Have they sought me, and not finding me, returned without me? This thought makes my bitter tears flow. I am utterly helpless and desolate; it is dark, and I am shivering with cold; and oh, how perfectly miserable I am! I weep, until I begin to wonder where all the tears come from. At last, I hear the sound of footsteps in the passage; they stop at the door, and some one knocks.

'Who is there?' I ask, in a snuffy, suffocated voice, which sounds as if it belonged to some one else, as I scramble to my feet and begin to drag away the furniture.

'It is Mina,' is the reply, in the soft Esthonian tongue. 'Does *Präuli* (Miss) want anything?'

'Oh, wait, wait, dear Mina!' I cry, breaking my nails over the removal of the toilet-table. I feel as if this unknown Esthonian maid is a much loved sister, or an angel from heaven, so overjoyed am I to hear a human voice. When I succeed in getting the door open, I astonish her by falling into her arms and shedding more tears on her shoulder. She cannot understand me; it would be strange if she could; but she is a good tender-hearted soul, and tries her best to soothe me. She leads me along the passage; and opening a door at the end, I stand in the cheerful blaze of the kitchen fire. Oh, how comforting it is, after all those terrible hours of fear, darkness, cold, and loneliness, to sit in the full blaze and spread out my numb fingers to the warmth! The cook—the only other inmate of the kitchen—is stooping over an immense pan, preparing milk-soup for supper. She looks round at me—I am a strange apparition, no doubt—with wide eyes of amaze.

'Has the carriage come to take me away?' is my first question.

'No; there has been no carriage,' is the response.

'Then I must stay here,' I said to myself, 'at this awful place, all night;' and a fresh wave of distress washes over my already very sorrowful heart.

Mina comforts me. 'I will make it all right for *Präuli*. She will have some nice warm soup, and go to bed; and to-morrow, when she wakens, the carriage will be there to take her away.'

Then I tell her of my fright. The cook puts her hands on her hips, and listens too. They exchange glances of comprehension as I describe the appearance of the maniac; and when I have

told all, Mina says: 'Yes; that was mad Yahn. He lives on the waste with his brother, the *Perri Maes* [small farmer]. But he would not have harmed *Präuli*.'

'Harmed me!' I exclaim. 'He is mad, stark mad, and would have torn me in pieces, if I had not escaped from his clutches. It is a shame to let such people go at large.'

'But where is he to go, poor demented man? He is one of God's creatures, as well as the best of us.'

'Why do they not send him to the mad asylum? He would be taken care of there, and would not be allowed to go about terrifying people out of their wits.'

But I cannot make Mina understand what I mean by a lunatic asylum; she has never heard of such a place. I explain it to her, and tell her how our government takes care of mad people in my own country. But she shakes her head doubtfully. It is better to let the 'unfortunates'—as she humanely calls them—roam at will in God's world; and she tells me how mad folks can see and converse with spirits, and how they understand the language of the animals.

But the soup is ready, and the lights—a pair of candles—to show me to the waiting-room.

'No, no,' I entreat; 'let me have my supper with you, Mina. I cannot go back to that awful place.'

So I sit down with those two Esthonian maids, and feel warmed and comforted, and eat a hearty supper after all my sufferings. I do not know whether the station-master and his wife know where I am, and what I am doing, but they never appear; and I am lighted to bed by the kindly Mina. When she leaves me, I bolt my door; and so weary am I, that the madman does not even haunt my pillow, but I close my tired eyelids, and fall into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

#### PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.\*

##### A CIGAR-LIGHT SELLER.

ONE airless stifling night in August, I had taken a tramcar ride as far as Brixton, with the vain hope that I might find some exercise for lungs sorely tried all day with burning heat and absence of breeze; and, descending from the car at the end of its journey, I found myself in the midst of a party of holiday-makers returning to town, who had stopped at a wayside public-house to quench, and, unwittingly, to increase at the same time, the inordinate thirst which possessed them. The romps of the boys and girls of whom the party consisted were characterised more by vigour than by grace, and the adornments of their persons were more conspicuous for tawdriness than for taste. An impromptu jig played by an itinerant fiddler, accompanied by an excruciating penny-whistler of about ten years of age, animated the party to such an extent, that they resembled nothing so much as a whole bunch of those dolls displayed in provincial marionnette theatres, all huddled and entangled together, and all made to jump at once by the unseen string-puller.

While watching with surprise more than admiration the gyrations of this motley crew, I was

startled by a voice resembling the melancholy wheeze of an old-fashioned stand-up clock when it suddenly runs down, addressing me in these words: 'The Northeys of Northey Hall would think the mummers were come before their time. Mummers in August! Strange goings on, most strange!'

I looked round, and saw a little old woman, with a face which must have been singularly pretty years and years ago. Her hair, which was still very plentiful, was snow-white; her complexion was so clear, that many a Belgravian mother or grandmother would have given much of her income to possess it; her eyes, bright and piercing, were of a restless, changing gray-blue colour; her nose was small, straight, and delicate; and her teeth, as she showed them smiling at me in an interrogative manner, were as white and perfect as any turned out of Burlington Street or Saville Row; her hands, too, were white and delicate, and altogether she suggested to me a lady.

But her dress. Ah me, there was little of 'the lady' about that! Reckoning from the foundation—or rather from that portion of her costume which was nearest the pavement—she might be described as a rough pyramid or cone of rags, with an extensive base, apparently shaped by the lowest and last-remaining ring of a crinoline petticoat of ancient date, tapering upwards, and terminating above the snow-line of the beautiful white hair in a crushed, shapeless head-covering of greasy black-brown crape and wire. The general colour of the poor woman's costume was that of damp boots robbed of their brightness and defaced with stains.

Such was the person who in this whirligig crowd of beer-and-penny-fife-distracted people suddenly informed me that the 'goings on' around us were 'strange, most strange!'

While, like Captain Cuttle, I was 'making a note' of this poor old wreck, she showed me that she had a vocation, or rather plied a trade, for she—dropping the Northeys of Northey Hall for a moment—asked me whether I 'liked them black or red, the round sort or the flammers.'

Her question referred to the boxes of vesuvians which she carried in her hand; and when I told her that I wanted none of either sort, she put her head on one side, loosened with one hand some of her hair, and drawing her fingers through it, asked: 'Did you know the Northeys of Northey Hall?'

I replied that I had not had that honour; whereupon the vendor of vesuvians went on, without any invitation on my part:

'Oh! the Northeys are a good old family, though there arn't many of them left now, for the matter of that. Why, if Miss Caroline had been in the world at this moment, do you think I should be here? No, sir; she would have seen to that. She was very good. And what wonderful eyes she had! Why, sir, when the Squire came down to the dining-room one day, and made a row about a favourite dog of hers that had kept them up half the previous night with his howling, she turned upon him with a look as positively frightened him. Her eyes made every one afraid of her—all except me. To me, she was all gentleness and goodness, and she always looked upon me as a friend. She was the last *proper* one of the family, sir; for the Squire himself was a nobody. I

\* To be continued in this *Journal* from time to time.

was with poor Miss Carry from her cradle to her—well, grave, I was going to say, but I mean till the time when she was taken away, and shut up out of sight and out of her mind. I was her maid, sir. And when she disappeared, my real troubles began—troubles which have brought me at last to cigar-lights and the streets. But that is no fault of hers. If she recovered her senses—and it's my opinion that those who should love her best have no wish that she should ever recover them—she'd have me back at the old Hall, and I should once more be, as I was ever so long ago, a respectable woman.'

The crowd had ceased to jig, and was remounting its vans to be carried off to Bethnal Green; the heat seemed more oppressive than ever, and I left the old lady with a wheezy voice and an unfinished history, and returned to town.

A long while after that August night, I again met my cigar-light seller. It was on the topmost height of Pentonville Hill. I stopped her, and asked whether she had heard anything of the Northey family of late.

'No, sir,' she replied. 'I hardly ever hear of them now, and this grieves me much; for, you must know, sir, I was born on the estate. A fine place the house is, sir, but dull—one of those old houses all towers and corners, and ins and outs. Nothing straight about it; no good view to be got of it; no nice long stretch of building, but all broken up like; all broken up, just as the family is—just as I am.'

I noticed that the poor old woman looked ill and wan. Her naturally delicate complexion had become almost ghastly in its pallor, and her knees seemed to bend under the weight of her body, although that, to judge by her emaciated appearance, could not have been great.

She drew her poor thin black shawl tightly round her with a shiver, as an unkind blast of easterly wind came rushing round the corner, and held out her boxes of cigar-lights towards me, as she said: 'Do you want any of these to-night, sir?'

I bought some of her vesuvians, in order to ingratiate myself with the seller of them. Then I asked her to tell me her story, which, stripped of many sighings and ejaculations of woe, was as follows.

She was, as has been already said, born on the estate of the Northeys of Northey Hall, in one of the Eastern Counties. Her father, a small tenant-farmer, died suddenly when she was a mere child. Her mother, she could not remember at all; but she had been told that she ran away with a 'real gentleman,' and so broke her husband's heart. When her father died, she was taken up by the people of the Hall, and appointed to the position of child-companion and maid to 'Miss Caroline.' There was at that time an heir to the name and estate of Northey in the person of 'Master Ralph,' a high-spirited and spoilt boy, the idol of his parents, and the beloved tyrant of all the servants and people about the place. An accident on the lake in the park, when a tiny boat was upset, robbed the family of its hope; and the light of the place went out when little Ralph was brought home one dull October afternoon, 'nigh fifty years ago,' with his long curls dripping dirty water on the hall-stones, and 'death within his eyes.'

From that moment, all seemed to go wrong with

the Northeys. The Squire became harsh and difficult to deal with; My Lady—'for she was a lady in her own right'—grew 'peaky' and querulous; no company was kept. Year after year went on. The Squire died; My Lady did not long survive him, and Miss Caroline 'came into her own.' She, from injudicious and careless training, had grown into a capricious, albeit beautiful woman. She knew little of men, and she chose a husband most unwisely from the crowd of suitors who came round her seeking, at her expense, name and fortune. She married, and lived for twenty years the life of a dissatisfied and childless wife. Her husband took to ill-treating her. Her health broke down. The doctors were called in; and 'Miss Caroline'—as she was still called by her quondam maid—disappeared.

After the disappearance of the mistress, short work was soon made of the confidential servant. She was told to go about her business; and she went. Her own poor little family had not been without its share of troubles, and had melted away under them. Her efforts to keep herself in the country, failed; her efforts to sustain herself in London were, as I could see, only partially successful; and as a policeman came to move her on, and she shuffled away uncomplainingly, I could not help feeling that the contrast of the beginning of her life in the bright little farmhouse on the estate of the then great and happy family of the Northeys, with its evidently fast-closing chapters on the cruel kerbstone of a London street, was wonderfully strange and sad.

I saw the cigar-light seller once more. It was in Great Tuiton Street, Westminster—a most unholy place. It was very late at night. Her hair was hanging down on each side of her face; her eyes were raining tears; her hands were empty; and her clothing was more scanty than ever. I do not know what the immediate cause of her grief was; she would not tell me; but I stopped her, and asked her where she was going; and she, without recognising me, looked hard at me, brushed the tears from her cheeks with a hard savage rub of her poor withered white hands, set her teeth together, and, apparently without unclenching them, muttered: 'I am going home! Can't you see that? Miss Carry's gone years and years ago, and now my time's come. Don't bother me! What are you staring at? Pray go, and leave me alone!'

And, God help her! I left her alone.

## THE TREASURE AT GRAN QUIVIRA.

### CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, Gerald duly set out in company with José, after a settlement with Tate, who had at first professed a contemptuous indifference as to whether he received any money or not; more than hinting that he was satisfied to have got rid of his inmate on any terms. Gerald, however, was not to be goaded into a quarrel; and he found, when the critical moment came, that Tate was quite as rapacious as any of the more regular hosts it had been his lot to encounter, whether East or West. After Mr Tate had received payment on a liberal scale, he bluntly asked Elkley to give him his rifle—a request promptly refused. Mr Tate then offered to buy

it. This the young man also declined, adding: 'You would not do it yourself, Mr Tate. You would not travel through the Territory without a rifle, I am sure.'

'Me! Guess I would not. But I reckon there's a difference between a man like me, and a boy that scarcely knows what a rifle is.'

'Don't be too sure of that,' said Elkley, allowing himself a solitary retort. 'I hope you will never,—nor any of your friends—presume too much on my ignorance in that way.'

The entrance of José to announce that the wagon was ready, stopped what might have been an angry rejoinder; and the parting moment having arrived, Gerald asked for Miss Annie. To his surprise, he learned she had just ridden off to a ranch some five miles distant, and was not expected home for several hours. Gerald was greatly vexed at this, as he was compelled to leave without saying 'farewell' to the girl, and without assuring her once more how deeply he felt all the kindness, and courage too, she had shown in his behalf.

The wagon started, José driving at a decidedly quicker rate than was customary on that difficult road. He was certainly an excellent Jehu; but Gerald gave him a hint that there was no need of so much hurry.

'I don't seem like feeling sure about that,' said the Mexican. 'Guess the sooner we are out of the cañon, the better for everybody.' So he kept up his speed, and they reached the open country without adventure.

Gerald decided upon remaining at Three Waters City—a collection of about forty houses—until the mail came through on the next day, when he would travel by it to Santa Fé. He did not forget Sy Tate's advice. At Santa Fé, he would meet his friends; and before his arrival there he hoped his foot would be nearly as strong as ever. José was dealt with as liberally as Tate had been, but in a far pleasanter manner. The Mexican, indeed, threw out some distinct intimations of his willingness to take service with the young man; but the latter, although he would have been pleased to secure so trustworthy a follower, thought of Annie Tate, and of the undoubted protection she must find in the Mexican's presence; so he did not encourage the idea.

He reached Santa Fé in safety, and found his friends already there, with the preparations for their excursion already well advanced. They had provided saddle-horses for themselves and their six assistants. We may not say servants, as three of them were United States' citizens, who reject the appellation; the others were Mexicans. In addition to these, two men had already started with a wagon fitted for the carriage of water-casks. These *avant-couriers* were to meet them with their load at Gran Quivira; and afterwards to keep travelling between the Gallinas Springs and the ruins, or such other spot as should be chosen for their operations. These springs were about twenty miles from Gran Quivira itself. They had also provided several wagons laden with blankets, buffalo robes, provisions, mining tools, and the like; and it need scarcely be said that every man was fully armed with rifle and revolver.

A great sensation was created in the city by the expedition. A few of the more adventurous spirits offered to join them on the condition that

their expenses were paid; but the majority ridiculed the idea. Not that they doubted the existence of the treasure—nobody doubted that; but they doubted the possibility of discovering it. Several of the residents had before joined in parties for the same purpose, and they were unanimous in opining that the absence of all signs and landmarks, with the extent and vagueness of the ruins, made the attempt hopeless. They and others had dug in every possible foot of ground in the ruins proper, unavailingly. No one knew how far the monastic gardens or fields might have extended, and therefore they saw no great hope of a favourable result.

In spite of all these sinister forebodings, the party started, Gerald now riding one of the horses, and suffering but little from the weakness of his foot. All went well. The weather was delightful, so that 'camping-out' was a treat, not a privation. The ruins were reached, and the water-bearers were there already. Great was the astonishment of these latter, and of the six hired assistants, to find the party push on for several hours after their supposed goal was reached. As mile after mile was traversed, the astonishment of the staff increased; and when about sundown, the cortège came to a halt in the shade of a *mesa*, or low flat hill, and it was announced that this was their destination, their surprise broke out in muttered sarcasms.

The bustle of getting supper, tethering the horses, and the like, soon occupied the assistants too much to admit of much discussion; and while they were so engaged, the principals sauntered, aimlessly enough, to all appearance, to a spot some third of a mile from the camp, where a ravine of no great length separated two *mesas*, and in which they were completely screened from observation. Their decision would of course become known to their assistants; but some of the latter were too quick-witted to be intrusted with all the information and details that led to a decision which might—most probably would—have to be changed. One of the party produced a rough sketch-map, with notes and landmarks, round which the others crowded.

'This is the place, I make no question,' said Gerald, after a while. 'This is what he meant by "a gulch"; for here are the two *mesas*, which are now, however, quite separated. Yonder is the hollow covered with bushes; and exactly in a line with the northern points of the *mesas*, we sight the peak of that distant mountain.'

'Right! Elkley,' said one of the party. 'Then fifty paces from the mouth of this ravine must have been the boundary-wall of the chapel. If so, and we can decide exactly where it was, we can easily fix on the centre, as we know the dimensions of the building, and so ought to be able to find the treasure with little trouble.'

Some more discussion, with a further examination of the maps, ended in a unanimous assent to these views; and there being still light enough for the purpose, three members of the party separately stepped the distance in the directions they respectively thought most in accordance with their instructions. Although, speaking broadly, they took the same course, yet they diverged a little; and the remainder, who had watched them, gathered round to decide which was most likely to be the correct point.

At last it was agreed that the centre of a small square bounded by *arroyos*—or water-courses which are dry, save in times of floods—must have been the site of the chapel. Floods soon cut for themselves the requisite channels in the soft soil of New Mexico; but, as a matter of course, if they find channels ready made, they will follow them; and there was a regularity in these *arroyos*, which seemed to mark their origin as from the hand of man, rather than from chance. They might have been used for irrigation, especially if—as was asserted—a stream had once existed in the vicinity. At anyrate, the decision was come to—a spadeful of earth thrown out to mark the spot; and then the party, in high glee at finding their information verified so far, returned to the camp, where a savoury odour of fried buffalo-meat and hot coffee intimated that supper was prepared. The men were equally glad to know that all was well, and that digging would commence in earnest on the next day; for, in addition to their liberal wages, each expected a bonus in the event of success; and master and man took glasses of whisky together in celebration of so auspicious a beginning.

As all were experienced 'campers,' their arrangements, even on this first night, were almost complete. Tents were fixed, the wagons drawn up as a fence, watches arranged, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise of the camp by any of the dangerous hangers-on to frontier society who abound in New Mexico. These were more to be feared than the Indians, who usually get the credit of such deeds.

The next day, operations were actively commenced, several holes being made at the same time. For any sign which appeared to the contrary, the earth there might have lain undisturbed from the day on which the sea, which must once have covered it, had rolled away on its upheaval. But the party were not to be daunted. They intended to dig, and deeply too, in fifty places if necessary, until they had thoroughly explored the whole of the area in which it seemed possible the treasures might be; so, although no trace of the prize was obtained on this first day, they were in excellent spirits.

The wagon had left for a fresh supply of water, and one of the hired men having climbed to the top of the *mesa*—for work was closed for the day—was watching the slow progress of the vehicle, as it grew more and more indistinct on the far-stretching plain, when, turning his glance in another direction, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, if not of alarm, which at once drew the attention of those beneath him.

'What is the matter, Bob?' cried one of them.

'Matter!' returned the man; 'why, here's a mule wagon right close on us, and we never saw it; and as I'm a living sinner, it's full of women!'

At this, every man sprang to his feet; for most of the party had been lolling on the dry grass, lazily waiting the call to supper, and looked eagerly in the direction indicated by the lookout. There, sure enough, was a wagon, within half a mile of them, and clearly making straight for their encampment. Sure enough too, if not quite filled with women, it contained two, with two men. One of the latter, the driver, made signals to the party when he saw they were

observed. The vehicle being forced to make a circuitous approach, owing to the deep *arroyos*, there was sufficient time for speculation in the camp as to the errand of the new-comers; and it was decided that the strangers must be interlopers, who were resolved to have a share in the at length discovered treasures of Gran Quivira. Yet why women? Such a thing was never heard of before.

Gerald had been as ready with his conjectures as any of the party, and was speaking at the moment when the wagon turned a curve of the last *arroyo*, and so could be driven straight in. As this happened, he abruptly ceased in his speech, and stared at the approaching visitors with an astonishment exceeding tenfold his previous surprise. The driver was his Mexican nurse José of Blue Creek! And José had seen and recognised him, and was waving his broad hat in recognition; while the women were now so close that he could see one of them was smiling, yet looking somewhat confused; close enough to recognise her dark, resolute eye, and the clear though bronzed cheek—close enough to see and know her to be Annie Tate!

His first feeling was one of embarrassment, instantly succeeded by a conviction that the visit heralded some serious revelation; and in this he was not entirely mistaken. As the wagon drew up to where the explorers were gathered, the utmost surprise was exhibited by the party at seeing first José, then Annie, leap from the vehicle, and shake hands with Gerald, as with an old friend. All looked at him for an explanation, of which, truth to say, he was as much in need as any of them. Pulling himself together, Gerald introduced Annie and José to his comrades; and then the former, like the fearless huntress she looked, and really was, in her turn unfalteringly introduced her companions, who were, she said, 'Mr Jonathan Sanny and lady from Blue Creek. Yes; Mr Sanny had concluded to leave his location; and hearing of their party as being on the prospect in Socorro County, had also concluded to join them. That is so.'

Mr Sanny at this left the wagon, as did his better-half, and each of them shook hands all round. With every desire to be friendly with those who were friends of Gerald Elkley—who was certainly looked upon as in some respects the leader of the expedition—and to give them welcome, it was nevertheless impossible not to feel that they were intruders, poachers in a sense, and that their arrival was anything but welcome. They might have tolerated Annie, who was young and handsome; but Mr Jonathan Sanny was a buckskin-clad, tobacco-chewing drover in appearance; while his lady, Mrs Sanny, was a hard-featured, camp-followerish sort of woman, in no degree attractive.

'I am afraid we have not arranged for a water-supply sufficient to include any strangers, Mr Elkley,' said one of the party, deeming this the most politic way of introducing an objection to their presence; 'you know we are on short allowance as it is.'

'That don't signify an item, Cunnel,' said Mr Sanny. 'We have a full cask in the wagon; and I reckon we know how to provide ourselves in the wilderness, as well as any people in these diggin's.'

'Mr Elkley, and you gentlemen,' interposed Annie, 'I have travelled under the escort of Mr Sanny and his lady, on purpose to join you. I don't estimate you will find any gold or silver; but we may be of some help for all that, we—Mr Elkley!' she said, with an abrupt change of tone, 'you have known' me, and I hope you can trust me. Believe me when I say that the treasures have not brought us here; and that my friends from Blue Creek are honest and true friends, who have come at my desire.'

There was something in the girl's earnestness which carried conviction to her listeners. They were all young men, and easily impressed by such a girl; so that the previous spokesman declared that they were welcome, and should be so, as long as they chose to stay.

The reply to this was practical, but prosaic. 'Then,' returned the girl, 'we had better see after our fixings for the night.'

An immediate offer of help was made; and supper being announced, an invitation to join in the meal was given and accepted; Annie being at once recognised as a kind of prairie belle, and every one being anxious to help, or at anyrate to converse with her.

José, who smiled his approval at the turn events had taken, followed in silence until he found himself by the side of Gerald. 'Let me tell you something, Señor Elkley,' said he, in a hurried whisper. 'I suppose Señorita Annie not like to tell everybody. Come behind this wagon.'

Gerald obeyed, and stepped to a spot where the Mexican and he were hidden from the remainder of the party.

'Now you sabe very well,' continued José in the same hurried whisper ('you sabe' being commonly used in the Territory for 'you know'), 'Señorita Annie no good friend with Señor Sy Tate. He hate her, and much 'fraid of her. She hate him, but not 'fraid of him one bit. I think he let Injuns kill her mother and rob the ranch. He save Annie because she his son's papoose. Old Pablo tell her all about it when he get drunk; and so she hate Sy Tate. *Esta bastante*, that quite enough. After you gone, two three dog-garned desperadoes come in, so did them loafing Injuns; and all have secret talk with Sy Tate. Not in the shanty; not indoors—no! He been white Injun, and too cunning for that; but Annie guess, and me guess too, there mucho mischief going on. I bet my sweet life if you not have gone so early that day, and me not have drive so fast, you never get out of cañon at all. Some of these scallywags up at creek before I get back from Three Waters. Señorita Annie tell me all about them, and I see lot more come in day or two. Well, Señor, I know one desperado very well—Squinting Bill, of Deadman's Ranch, where the murders was—and I make him drunk. You never see one man drink so much whisky before him drunk, as Dick!—and then he not say much, and so 'cute, I not dare to ask him much; but he tell me something. But Señorita Annie!—she is the wonder! She have eyes and ears quicker than mountain lion; step as light as Injun; can hide like snake; and she go after Sy Tate and them scallywags. She overhear lot—everything! I think, when she tell me, what would happen if Sy Tate had find her! I think

she shoot him; for she is grand shot with pistol, and she hate him. But we learn quite enough. Old Sy Tate has been trying for this treasure for years, and has been digging at Gran Quivira every fall this long time. He think he know where the right place is, after all; and he almost crazy to think you and your pardners have made up mind to stop here till you get it. He die first, he swear. So he set off next morning, say he going for two weeks' hunt. *We* know where he going. So Señorita Annie go and tell old man Sanny and Señora Sanny. The Señora mucho good woman; you like her when you know her. Both of them love Señorita Annie, and die for her. Señorita Annie she declare she will ride all way to Gran Quivira by herself, to warn you of attack on your camp. It will be attacked, that sure, and every one murdered, by old Sy Tate and his desperadoes. She say so; and she do it, Señor Elkley. Señora Sanny she say directly, she go too; so does old man Sanny; and of course José fight like death for Señorita Annie. That's why we come, Señor; and you can tell Señorita Annie you know all about it, as she perhaps feel awkward. Have plenty good guard to-night. I bring Bodon my big dog with me, as I think you wouldn't have no dogs; he soon tell if any fellow loafing about near camp. But, Señor, don't tell your helps what you know; keep quiet with them.'

Elkley was completely dumfounded by this hurried revelation. He was convinced that every syllable was true; yet, appalling as it was, close and terrible as might be the danger, all other feeling was at first overwhelmed in admiration of and gratitude to Annie Tate, whose courage and energy had probably saved his life and the lives of all who were with him. He hastened to the headquarters, where his absence had already occasioned some wonder, and to which Annie and her friends had just returned, after, it is presumed, seeing to their 'fixings.'

She looked up as Elkley joined the group, and the expression of his eye told that he knew all. Annie's own lashes drooped, although her eyes were as fearless as any in that company, while her brown cheek glowed with a deeper hue. Gerald took a seat which placed him between the girl and Mrs Sanny; and before he spoke to the former, shook the good lady's hand warmly, and expressed his gratitude to her in a few words. It took him longer to convey his thanks to Annie, who was a good deal embarrassed at hearing them, exhibiting less self-possession than might have been expected from such a heroine.

In accordance with José's caution, Gerald spoke privately to each one of the party; who all regarded the intelligence as ominous, and who all sought Annie to thank her, adding greatly to the confusion of that young lady. The staff could of course see that something fresh and important was afoot; but from their inquiries, and from the remarks in which they indulged quite as freely as their employers, they evidently imagined that the new-comers had brought some information as to the true site of the chapel.

Fresh arrangements for watching seemed to grow naturally out of the increase in their numbers, and no suspicion was raised by the change. Yet, as Gerald was about to lie down in his tent for the night—he had taken his watch on the first

evening—José made his appearance, and in his previous mysterious manner, whispered: 'Señor Elkley, I not like your Mesicans'—that being his pronunciation of the word—not all of them, anyway. That fellow with the yellow belt—you sabe which one I mean?—he is bad one. I think he know too much. You keep good eye on him to-morrow. If I see anything wrong with that Mesican, I set Bodon on him: he never play any more tricks then.'

## RAMBLING HINTS.

BY AN OLD PEDESTRIAN.

To those persons who are content to renounce the showy splendours of Scarborough or Bournemouth for the healthy pleasure of a country walk, and who can be induced to believe that, even in late Autumn, there is plenty to be done and seen in Derbyshire or Cornwall, without going to Norway or Switzerland—to such, a few suggestions from an old Rambler among our English hills and valleys may not be unseasonable; for to walk is in nearly every one's power; but to walk with pleasure, and to the best advantage, is not an art which all possess.

The first preliminary to be insisted on is, not to start on an expedition without being thoroughly well shod; that is, both strongly and comfortably too; otherwise, one's walking will be short and painful; for if the feet are worn out with undue friction, it matters little how sound a man may be in every other point, he cannot walk. A light waterproof and a fairly strong stick are also desirable; the one to remove uneasiness about the state of the weather; and the other for a variety of purposes, offensive and defensive. It is very necessary, too, to provide a really good map; the best is the Reduced Ordnance Map in shilling squares on the scale of an inch to the mile. The full-sized Ordnance is too large to be spread out well in the open air, and the small one is as exact as can be needed.

A guide-book, too, is not a bad thing, though somewhat cumbersome to carry about; and it would be of much greater use than it is, were it not for the tendency of most guide-writers to magnify each charm absurdly, and speak with a misleading profusion of praise which renders a choice quite embarrassing. This is especially the case with small local treatises, whose descriptions have to be discounted largely, if we would avoid disappointment.

It is well before starting not to forget to fill one's purse, and that with metallic currency—not paper; and also to take some light food, unless the country is certain to be well supplied. The neglect of these two things has often led the writer into more or less trouble. People who don't know you, can't be expected to trust you; and as to cheques and notes, many country-people have a lurking suspicion of such things, a suspicion not altogether unreasonable. In Scotland, the one-pound bank-note is another matter, being in many places preferred to a sovereign! And with regard to food, a district often proves much more deserted than was expected; and though we all know that country hospitality is a hearty and an excellent thing, yet it will not do to trust too much to it; though I have often found that, like the prophetic powers of the gipsy race, it was wonderfully quick-

ened by the sight of silver. For instance, on one occasion two of us were wandering among some of the wildest of the Yorkshire hills. We had taken no provisions, supposing that it would of course be easy to purchase what we wanted, and now looked in vain for a dwelling of any kind. After becoming nearly faint for want of food, we descried at some distance a small farmhouse; and to it we made our way with energy, and in hope of a Yorkshire welcome. The 'Yorkshire' welcome consisted of a fierce dog, and after the dog a man hardly more inviting, who answered our knock, and in the language of the country, which I need not render, asked roughly what our business was; and being told, gave us churlishly to understand that his house wasn't an inn. He was shutting his door in our faces, like Goldsmith's 'rude Carinthian boor,' when, rendered desperate, we exclaimed that something we must have, and added a word or two about payment. This last consideration seemed to make a difference, and to penetrate his stern and cloudy mind with success; and though it was certainly more inn-like to sell provisions than to give them, yet he rapidly thawed; and after regaling us with what he had, was pleased to consume a little of our tobacco in token of amity, ere he sped us on our way.

And now, after making such preparations as these with what care he can, our tourist may be allowed to start, with light heart and, if possible, light knapsack. In starting, however, it is wise to avoid the mistake of beginners—excess of eagerness and hurry to get forward. Old Alpine men always walk slowly at first; so much so, that one might fancy their powers of locomotion were small and would soon fail; but after twenty miles or so, matters look very different. One can easily keep up a good speed for a considerable time, if only it is attained gradually; and the same may be observed of a horse in a long drive. But if a walker attempts to begin at full swing at once, and tries to keep it up long, he is apt to tire himself prematurely, or strain some small muscle, which may practically lay him up till the morrow.

As a matter of fact, there need be no sort of hurry. The things which waste time are, not a moderate pace or a gradual start, but sauntering and wasting time on trifles, stopping often for rest, being drawn aside by unforeseen attractions, and above all, losing one's way. Of these, the habit mentioned first, of making fitful and desultory pauses without any solid cause at all, deserves to be condemned unconditionally. But the question of stopping for rest must depend on the walker's state of training. At first—that is, for two or three days—it may be advisable to pause for a few minutes every two miles or so; but afterwards this is not necessary. For meals, which of course involve necessary stoppages, I almost think the best way is to have a substantial breakfast, and then only to take light refreshment, though not at very distant intervals, until the day's work is done, when a solid tea, such as country inns generally understand better than dinner, is most enjoyable.

As to digressions, another source of delay, it is hard to avoid them altogether, if one is of a curious and enterprising turn; only, in undertaking them one should count the cost in time, distance, and energy, which is apt to be con-

siderable, and allow a corresponding margin beforehand. Above all, beware of a digression from the beaten track simply to save distance, for such attempts are generally failures, resulting from ignorance of the locality; and end by wasting a great deal of time. But the greatest loss of time and energy is caused by missing the way, for then it is often necessary to grudgingly retrace one's steps. The power of finding one's way easily and well is apparently a sort of instinct that some persons are almost destitute of; but to remedy the want, let the walker have recourse to his map, and look often at it, constantly comparing with it the landmarks of the surrounding country, the hills, watercourses, and even houses. By so doing, he need never allow himself to lose his place, and will know where he is as well as any one can tell him.

It will not in general be wise to reckon on doing the total distance for the day at an average pace of more than two or two and a half miles an hour, stoppages and all included; that is, if enjoyment is an object. To try to go too far in a day is a mistake, which springs sometimes from a wish to make the day's work sound well in the telling, and sometimes from a mistaken estimate of what is 'the correct thing.' The writer remembers acting on the opposite or more philosophical principle, in company with an entertaining but not very muscular friend; so much so indeed, that we laid ourselves open to the taunt, on recounting our exploits to my friend's sister, that it was 'more a *talking* than a *walking* tour.' This was severe; but perhaps we had run into the other extreme, and degenerated into mere laziness.

The perplexity caused by puffing guide-books we have already noticed; but even this is better than the utter bewilderment which results from relying on the accounts of the inhabitants themselves of a district. Strange to say, they are in but too many instances the last people to tell you what you want to know, even if they can understand what it is that you want. I remember dragging my good-natured cousin up a valley called Bishopdale, to explore a fine waterfall which I had heard was there, but which he, a resident of a few miles off, knew nothing of, and did not believe in at all. The only result of my inquiries at a village some three miles away was to strengthen his incredulity; and my own confidence was inwardly impaired. None of the rustics seemed to know even what I meant by the term 'waterfall,' and to be thinking about quite other things; until, upon my seizing the village pump-handle, and pouring out a torrent by way of illustration, a little girl pointed to what proved the right direction; and a very fine fall we discovered eventually, though after much open scepticism on the part of my companion, and not before I had been compelled, Columbus-like, to promise that if nothing was met with in the next ten minutes, we would turn back.

Nor are the inhabitants of a place more reliable in the matter of distances; there, again, you must trust to your map, adding some little to the apparent distance for deviations of the path. It has happened to me, on asking three separate way-farers, at intervals of a few minutes, how far it was to the next village, to be told consecutively that the distance was three, four, and four and a

half miles; so that one might have felt inclined to turn round and walk the other way. This is bad enough. But when a man gravely tells one, as was the case lately in Scotland, that the place where you stand is 'about two miles fra *all* places'—as though we were at a kind of centre, with the rest of the world all round us—one begins to realise the hopelessness of further inquiry. Indeed, the rustic mind has a special aptitude for eluding all exact questioning of every kind. In the matter of distances, the aforesaid rustic fences with and evades the questioner by saying it is 'no that far,' or 'a guid bit,' or even occasionally by a direct untruth, prompted, it would seem, by no motive but the dislike of precision and exactness.

To get a really fine and comprehensive view of the country one visits, it is far the best course to make one's way along the tops of the hills. But there are great drawbacks: the walking is of course much slower and harder; the danger and delay arising from bogs and quagmires are annoying; and in dry seasons, the want of drinkable water, apparently but not really in contradiction to this last statement, is sometimes quite distressing, and makes one realise the condition of Addison's wanderer, who 'on the thirsty mountain pants.' But yet if you want really great scenery, as opposed to small and pretty views, go along the hill-tops; and carry with you a flask of cold unsugared tea, which will be found a most refreshing drink.

In concluding, I may remark that there is no possible chance of such walking as I have described proving attractive, except to a genuine lover of natural beauty. If the pedestrian only looks at natural objects as the American did, who exclaimed at sight of Niagara, 'What a deal of mill-power is wasted there,' then he might as well stay at home, and do his walking about his own doors.

#### A GIRL'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

The links are golden, yet for ever fret

With keen if secret pain;

Nor does the metal they are fashioned of  
Make them the less—a chain.

This bridal home, a splendid prison seems;

To me, its loveliness

Is but the bitter sign of servitude,

And mocks my heart's distress.

Ay! Gold is powerful in this world of ours;

What magic in its gleam!

'Tis well that there are things it cannot buy,  
Else it had reigned supreme!

Sweet Sister mine, you think I have done well;

You love this pomp and pride:

Alas! I find it but a poor reward

For all I cast aside.

I dare not think of all the vanished Past.—

Hush! let the dead love rest:

But, Sister mine, remember all your life,

Remember, *Love is best.*

And I am not entirely comfortless;

One joy is mine the while:

My father smiles again, with free glad heart,

And I have bought that smile! H. K. W.

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